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EVERY WORD TRUE.

Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, who is to open the campaign in this city on the 15th inst., has contributed to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* some very able letters in review of Congress and the President. He closes an article in that paper of the 4th with this summing up:

Mr. Cleveland entered his great one with a country blooming with prosperity and a party enthused by victory and ambitions of future success. At the end of a year and a half he finds himself with a country temporarily destroyed and a party riven by dissension and discord. As has been well said, the height of vituperation, the limit of possibility in the English language, has been reached in the abuse of the Senate by the President, and of the House, the members of the two parties and the Democracy of the country promiscuously assailing first the President and then the Senate and then all three together assailing everybody, and as Mr. Reed says with great force, the trouble about it is that while the Democrats have excelled the Republicans in the condemnation of themselves it has never been doubted that all they have said in denunciation of the bill, the Senate, the President and the House is all true and that half has not been told.

That gives the history of the Democratic party for a year in a nutshell.

A COMPLETE SURRENDER.

All the higgledy-piggledy statements that the *Argus-News* may now make in its floundering on the tin plate question cannot alter in the least the attitude of the Democratic press on that question two years ago. With no exception they ridiculed the idea of making tin plate in Indiana as the height of folly. Some of them even went so far as to assert that some one near Elwood was melting lead in a camp kettle and dipping sheet iron in it and calling the product tin plate; others said that after the election of 1892 was over no one would ever hear of a tin plate factory in the gas regions—that they were being used as campaign material. When these statements were proven groundless this same Democratic press raised the cry that all tinware would be enhanced in price. Now since millions of dollars have been expended successfully in the new venture and its success undoubtedly assured, the *Argus-News* says that what they ridiculed, and continue to scoff at, was and is the fact that we could not make pig tin in this country, that is block tin from the ore. In the face of such a shameful record, any guilty party who tries to back down and slide out on such a pretense needs no answer save the bare statement of the fact.

TIN MINING IN THIS COUNTRY.
In [THE JOURNAL] admits, although it took a half a column to make the admission, that there is not being mined in the United States a pound of tin. The JOURNAL hated to admit it, but it had to.—*Argus-News*.

The JOURNAL dislikes to accuse the *Argus-News* of a wilful misrepresentation, but in this instance appearances would seem to justify the charge.

The JOURNAL distinctly stated that tin is being mined in the United States, and in so many words said that "the mines in this country are the Tamescal mines in California, and the Harney Peak mines in South Dakota. The former are limited in their production, while the latter are said to be as rich as are the Malacca mines." How this language could be construed into an admission "that there is not being mined in the United States a pound of tin," is past comprehension. A paper, however, that does not know the difference between a steel billet and a bar of pig tin cannot be expected to comprehend the meaning of the English language.

To emphasize the statement made by THE JOURNAL on Saturday and repeated in a different form on Monday, we may say that better tin than was ever imported into America is smelted daily at the Tamescal tin mines. This daily product is the work of three mills, one of five stamps, and two of twenty stamps each. Two shafts are open each about 180 feet deep, but these will be extended 500 feet, for the reason as the depth increases the quality of the ore improves. This ore is marketed to the different tin-plate mills all over the country. What is true of the Tamescal mines was also true of the Harney Peak mines until they became involved in litigation. The owners, however, have \$2,000,000 invested in mining machinery, stamp mills, and railway tracks, and cars to carry the ore from the mines to the mills, and the presumption is that work at no distant day will be resumed, especially if the mines are as rich as they are reported to be. It is hardly to be supposed that men would invest \$2,000,000 capital in the tin mining industry unless they were convinced that they would have ample returns for their outlay. Men with capital are not built that way.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sent Congress home with the brand of treason on its face. The Republican campaign managers owe Mr. Cleveland a large and handsomely engrossed vote of thanks.

Power of Short Words.
Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
The power of help, the tongue that all need speak,
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek.
Pressed from the sore heart or a strange, wild
Sums by some fay or fiend? There is a
strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too
fine.
What has more height than breadth, more
depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be
mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat
phrases,
While gowns and burns not, though a glaze
and a shine—
Light, but not heat—a dash, but not a blaze.
Nor is it more strength that the short word
boasts.
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on rockbound
coasts.
The roar of tall trees when the wild winds
sweat.
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood stained fields. It has a voice as
well.
For those that far off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn
the dead,
For them that laugh and dance and clap the
hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow
time.
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep
time,
And though the theme be sad or gay or
grand,
With all, with all, these may be made to
chime,
In thought or speech or song, in prose or
rhyme.

—Joseph Addison Alexander.

AILEEN'S BRAVERY.

The True Story of a Country School Teacher.

The picture which I would like to hold up before you has in the background a mountain; not the rival of any Alpine peak, nor of any summit of the Rockies, but a sloping, wooded hill, rough, but not inaccessible. Breaking through the range on the east comes a river sometimes peaceful, but in times of wind and storm a raging torrent. On the west, having gathered its waters from the hillsides, a creek turns away from the range and pursues its winding way to the south, meeting the river a mile or two below. Along the valley in the foreground a railroad takes its undulating way, crossing both creek and river. High up on the mountain side is a cottage, scarcely more than a cabin.

Aileen McAllister stood at the window of the living room of this mountain home, looking out into the wild, dreary November night. Very early the day had gone out into twilight, the clouds setting heavy upon the earth. Aileen said, shivering a little at the thought of her own walk through the wind and rain.

Mrs. McAllister and Aileen lived alone in the little house, which the summer foliage almost hid from the view of those who looked up from the valley below. Though pleasant enough in summer, it was a bleak, lonely place in winter. Mr. McAllister had been "section boss" on the railroad, the passing trains upon which were almost the only break in the stillness and loneliness of their isolated home. He had been able to keep his family in comfort, and was looking for a promised promotion, when suddenly the shadow fell. There was an accident; then the weeks of pain; then the life went out. The strong-hearted wife and brave young daughter cheered and soothed the last hours of the sufferer, then they took up the burden of living and began the struggle for the means of support. How they managed to exist they could scarcely have told. Since Aileen's sixteenth birthday she had been the teacher of the country school, and her small salary had considerably lightened the mother's burden.

The hours sped away, and when at nine o'clock Aileen looked out, there was no abatement of the storm. The howling of the wind and the roaring of the waters, river and creek were almost deafening. Looking up the valley, Aileen saw the headlight of a locomotive. Steadily it advanced, seeming to cut its way through the darkness, until suddenly it disappeared. Many a time had Aileen watched the headlights of the night trains, and she knew that in all their course down the valley there was nothing to obstruct the light, and quicker than thought she realized the appalling fact that the train had gone into the chasm of the creek.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "there's trouble at the bridge! I am going down to see what is the matter and to find out if I can help."

Mrs. McAllister lighted the lantern and put it into the girl's hand, saying: "My child, if I could only go with you!"

"Well, mother dear, if you had only postponed the spraining of that foot for a day or so, you could have had the pleasure," said Aileen, cheerfully adding: "Now don't worry; and, mother, if anything happens to me, you will remember that I was trying to do my duty."

As rapidly as possible she followed the path down the hill, crossed the road which ran alongside the railroad, sprang across the ditch and scrambled up the bank to the track. She did not make this part of the journey without many a scratch from the bushes, but she paid no heed to such trifles. She sped up the track and found that her surmise was correct—the bridge over the creek had been swept away. Crawling up upon the part that remained as far as she could, she swung her lantern above the chasm and called loudly; above the noise of the storm she heard a faint response from her call.

"What is the matter, and who is there?" she asked.

"It is I, Engineer Pratt, fast in a freight wreck. The express must be warned. She's due in an hour. How many are there?"

"Only Aileen McAllister. But I'll get help."

"Go quick! There is no time to lose!"

Crawling back from her perilous position, Aileen took but a moment for reflection. Plainly there was but one

thing to do. She might possibly warn the express by swinging her lantern, but suppose there should be trains from the west? The telegraph office must be reached; and besides, help must be secured speedily for the unfortunate engineer in the wreck. The one thing to do was to walk down the track to the station, a mile away. That would be unpleasant and hazardous in the driving storm, but to make matters worse there was the high timbered river, five hundred feet long! Could she walk that with only the light of her smoky lantern? Could she stand against the fierce gale that was blowing? She must. There was no question in the girl's mind as to whether or not she could; the thing must be done. Hundreds of lives might be in danger, and the warning must be given.

She made the first part of the journey in comparative comfort. She had not to be on the lookout for trains from behind her, and she knew that none was due from the opposite direction; so she had only to hasten on her way with all the speed of her youth and buoyancy. Reaching the bridge across the foaming river, she paused a moment to gather strength and courage, then stepped boldly forward. The wind sweeping down the river gorge almost took her off her feet. She stumbled and fell and her light went out.

"And I did not think to bring matches!" she said. "But I could not light one in this storm, if I had a thousand!" She did not attempt to regain her footing, but throwing her one friend, the lantern, into the river, she continued the perilous journey, crawling from tie to tie across the trestle.

At last the end of the trestle was reached; she sprang to her feet and hurried down the track. Soon the lights of the station beamed out a welcome and made it possible for her to quicken her steps without danger of losing her footing. She burst into the office, exclaiming:

"The bridge over the creek is down! Send telegrams and stop the express. There's a wreck in the creek! Send help."

Then she dropped upon the floor in a dead faint. The physical exertion and the strain of that terrible crossing had exhausted her strength. She was not a moment too soon with her warning. The express was due, and some one was sent out to signal it, though the bewildered spectators but half comprehended the situation. The train came thundering in stopped, and in wonder and alarm the passengers poured out to learn the story of their salvation. Telegrams went flying up and down the line, and a rescue brigade was fitted out for the scene of the wreck.

All the while Aileen lay exhausted in a hand faint. Hearing the commotion, the wife of the station master appeared upon the scene, and seeing the unconscious girl lying there, ran back for restoratives. A young physician who had alighted from the express came to her assistance.

"Is there not a house where she can be taken?" he asked.

"Certainly, we can carry her across the street to my home," said the woman.

"Get her out of these wet clothes into something dry, and put her to bed," were his orders.

"Oh, no, I must go back home!" said Aileen, who had sufficiently regained consciousness to know what was said. "You can go nowhere to-night!" was the peremptory decision of the stranger. "You saved our lives, and now we must save yours."

"They are going to the wreck with a hand-cam and will take me along. Mother will be so anxious," she pleaded, adding, "she will think something has happened."

"And I should say she would think right! But we will send some one to tell her you are safe." And so the weary child was forced to submit, and indeed when she attempted to rise the dizziness overpowered her, and she sank back helpless.

"Poor child!" said another. "She has had a time of it, and to think we might all have been in eternity if it had not been for her bravery!"

"What will you do to show your gratitude?" asked the physician.

"I will show it by fifty dollars!" In a few moments an amount was pledged which brought comfort and freedom from anxiety to the little home on the mountain side.

Meantime the relief party had reached the engine of the wrecked freight train from his perilous position, and had discovered that the train hands had either been killed outright or been drowned.

"And I owe my safety to Aileen," said the rescued man, "for I could not have held out much longer. God bless her!"

And there were many to bless and many to praise the brave girl. The newspapers told the story, public speakers quoted it as an example, and the state legislature ordered a medal to be struck and presented by a special committee.

And Aileen—what effect had that night's work upon her?

A few days' rest restored her wond strength and buoyancy, and she returned to her school. Finishing her engagement she determined to fit herself for a better position, the generosity of her friends allowing her to carry out this desire. A year at the normal school, then two years of teaching in a city school at a good salary, and then one summer she came to spend the long vacation in her old home on the mountain side.

The same picture is spread out before us, only it is a summer sky and the forests before a brown and bare are heavy with summer foliage, while river and creek are peaceful and shimmering in the sunlight. As the shadows were lengthening on one of those summer afternoons, Aileen stood at the edge of the long trestle bridge. It was the first time since that dark November night that she had walked down the track to the scene of her terrible ordeal. She was not alone—a fine-looking young man was with her.

"And here," he said, "was where the test of your courage came to you. Thank God that you did not flinch! How many of us, as we go up and down the world, are saying every now and then: 'Thank God for Aileen McAllister!'"

They stood for a few moments silently looking down into the river, then the young man spoke again.

"Aileen," he said, speaking very earnestly, "ever since that night I have been striving to make the life you have ample returns for their outlay. Men with capital are not built that way."

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WOMAN'S TRIALS.

SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

So Many Suffer Without Knowing Why. Much Can Be Avoided.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]
So many feel the very life crushed out of them, wake up cheerful and happy, determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet:

Before the morning is very old, the painful backache or bearing-down feeling attacks them, the brave spirits sink back in affliction; no matter how hard they struggle, the "clutch" is upon them, and they sink into a chair, crying, "Oh! why should I suffer so?"

What can I do?"

The answer is ready, your cry has been heard, and a woman is able to restore you to health and happiness.

Lidia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will stop your torture and restore your courage. All your pains come from a deranged uterus or womb.

It is the greatest of all rewards to receive such letters as the following from Miss Louise Müller, who lives at 44 Michigan Ave., in Evanston, Ill. She says:

"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and have thereby been entirely well, I am recommending all my lady friends to use it. I am sure it will help them in all cases of womb trouble, leucorrhœa, irregular or painful monthly periods." I am sure it is my best friend.

Then she dropped upon the floor in a dead faint. The physical exertion and the strain of that terrible crossing had exhausted her strength. She was not a moment too soon with her warning. The express was due, and some one was sent out to signal it, though the bewildered spectators but half comprehended the situation. The train came thundering in stopped, and in wonder and alarm the passengers poured out to learn the story of their salvation. Telegrams went flying up and down the line, and a rescue brigade was fitted out for the scene of the wreck.

"I believe I am a better man to-day because of the influences of that hour, yet I have not reached my own ideal—not yours—but, Aileen, shall we put our two lives together and live them for God and humanity and each other?"

Then, hand in hand, they crossed the trestle bridge without thought of dread or danger.—N. Y. Voice.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. The undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all drugists. Testimonials free.

It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

"Royal Ruby" Rye, \$1.25 Quart Bottle.

"Royal Ruby" Rye Whiskey is guaranteed absolutely pure and eleven years old. Its great popularity attests its merits. It is a "rye" that is a Rye, recommended for the invalid, the convalescent and the connoisseur, put up in a most perfect and quality guaranteed.

Bottled at distillery, Lexington, Ky. ROYAL WINE CO., CHICAGO.

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